



DAILY UNIVERSE

BYU Students Feel Yule Tide Spirit

Yule Spirit Prevailed Holy Night

ding to tradition, on the night there fell upon Bethlehem a strange and uncanny calm; the voices of the wind were hushed, water ceased and the wind was stilled. When the child Jesus was born he burst into new life; trees with green leaves, grass up and bright flowers. To animals was granted power of human speech and the wise men in their stalls awaited of the infant Saviour.

IT WAS THAT the shepherding in the field with flocks heard the angels praising, and kings of the Orient in their "far countries" placed in the heavens the longed-for sign. Even in distant there sprang up a well or in which "ran largely" and ancient prophetess, Sibyl, looked toward from the Capitoline and the angel song and saw not all the wonders of that

There are many such traditional of the nativity, of the "star-gazers" and of the marvels fit by the boy Christ. They are the best singing their sweet of praise to the Lord, at the tree bending down its boughs that the weary travellers from the wrath of Herod be refreshed by its fruit, of saper which opened to conceal and of the sweet smelling of which grew wherever the of moisture fell from the of the Boy "as He ran about led in His loving service for father." Quaint fancies some see, perhaps, and not all of worth preserving; but often beautiful, and with a germ in.

THE CENTURIES between and now, come stories of holy of bishops and peasant-saints, brave men who preached the Christ to the Vikings of the of the North Sea. As in popular with each returning eve of activity the miracles of the Christmas happen again, so in the three-tree blossoms and wonderful roses bloom in oak forest.

er stories tell how on each comes eve the little Christ-comes again to earth and end through village or town, lighted candles are placed in windows to guide Him on His

THESE VARIOUS legends and songs tales, which sprang up the people like flowers by the roadside and became a part of life of the Middle Ages, are still earnest to us of today and have tinct charm of their own. And the childlike faith and beauty ought of the finest of these found expression in literary they seem particularly suited to reading at "the gracious



Christ Could Never Find Any Room Can He Find Room In Our Hearts?

by Sterling W. Sill
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Each Christmas time our minds make a pilgrimage back to Bethlehem. The little town nestling among the Judean hills was the end of the sixty-five mile journey of Joseph and Mary to fulfill the decree of Caesar Augustus, that everyone must be taxed in his own city.

THEY ARRIVED in Bethlehem just before Jesus was born. Of Mary Luke says, "And she brought forth her first born Son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn."

We feel a certain sense of shame and regret that there was no room for the Saviour of the world to be born. But the cry of "no room" followed him throughout his life. He was forced to flee to Egypt because there was insufficient room

for Jesus and Herod in the same realm.

AFTER HEROD'S death Jesus returned to Jerusalem but the cry "no room" continued. There was no room for his doctrines, no room for his miracles, no room for his example. The chief priests saw in him the downfall of their religious system, and they knew there was not enough room for both.

Attention Students

There are now 19 shopping days left until Christmas. The Daily Universe Staff encourages the students of BYU to patronize the local merchants of the Provo area.

Most stores in the area will be staying open until 9 p.m. every evening except Sunday. They have a large selection of merchandise available to you and they ask you to take advantage of it.

Jesus found "nowhere to lay his head" in life, and in death, his body was placed in a borrowed tomb.

ALL THIS TOOK place a long time ago. But the cry of "no room" has continued to be the significant characteristic of our world. Every day we re-enact in our lives that ancient scene in Bethlehem. There was no room in the inn because the available space had been taken. The problem is still with us. The Sabbath day is filled with recreation. Our lives are overflowing with the pursuit of material things.

MOSTLY THERE IS NO ROOM left for worship, no room for meditation, no room for Godliness. Our time and our activities have already been fully allotted. But as the spirit of Christmas again occupies our thoughts, we become aware that Jesus still stands at the clasp of our souls pleading for entrance. If we make room for him in our lives, who can tell but that room may be made available for us in his kingdom.

Remember How It Used To Be?

by Barry Herem

Now is the time we wish we could have written it all down in a diary. Memories fade and the Christmas seasons we enjoyed as children will probably go unremembered again in the holiday rush of life.

OCCASIONALLY, accidentally we may glimpse the magic of a child's Christmas and feel, in the tinge of nostalgia that it leaves behind, a tiny portion of what Christmas was.

Do you remember when Santa Claus was the most wonderful, the most real and most exciting person on earth? Perhaps you were a born cynic and never fell for that "down the chimney" story but, most of you did. You could never really figure out just how he got down that skinny chimney, but then, it didn't really matter. Santa was omnipotent and even if you didn't know what that meant it was still true.

But Christmas had its problems, not the least of which was how would Santa pull a sleigh through California sand and wouldn't he get awfully hungry with so much to do in one night? But you fixed that, dear old Santa got his fill of pie and hot chocolate.

FINALLY after the most agonizing weeks of waiting, Christmas Eve showed up. The tension was unbearable. Could you ever get to sleep that night? Not hardly. At last the thoughts of the coming morning were envisioned in your dreams.

Somewhat the weather was right, somehow the reindeer flew, somehow St. Nick got down the chimney and somehow Christmas morning dawned.

You dashed from your room with great expectations and all the anxiety of wondering whether Santa had remembered you faded with the drone of new wind-up cars and the touch of new dresses.

BUT MORE THAN THE tastes, the smells, the sounds, the anxieties or even the gifts there was that intangible something about it all, about Christmas morn, about the childhood reality of Santa that just made you feel different. It is said that this is the spirit of Christmas. Perhaps that is the best way to put it. Wherever it was, it was real, more real than anything and so 'Christmasy'.

You can never go back to what it was, but now and then the swirl of color on a candy cane or the imaginary tinkle of sleigh bells will faintly recall all of it and just for an instant you're a child again. Do you remember?



SHOP IN PROVO

Animals Were First To See Christ Child

a story by Jean-Louise Welch and Ruth Carroll

The cat came into the stable. She stopped suddenly, cocked her head and listened. From the far corner of the stable came a low, new sound. There was also a faint glow of light.

THE CAT'S whiskers twitched. "What can that be?"

The sound continued. It was sweet and soft. Not like a noise any of the animals made who lived in the stable.

"**THIS IS VERY** strange. I'll go ask the donkey if he knows what it is."

So the cat hurried to the donkey's stall. He was sound asleep.

"**NOW ISN'T THAT** just like a donkey," thought the cat. "He's asleep while something so strange is going on right here in the stable. 'Meow, meow. Wake up!'"

The donkey twitched his ear, opened one eye and said sleepily, "What's the matter? Who is it? What do you want?"

"**IT IS I,** the cat. Wake up! Listen! What is that sound?"

The donkey was wide awake by now. He pricked up his long grey ears and listened.

"**SURE ENOUGH,** there is a new

sound. What can it be? Did you ask the dog?"

"No. I didn't see him," replied the cat. "Of course he would know. He keeps watch over the stable all night. I'll go and find him."

THE CAT turned to go.

"**Wait!**" called the donkey. "Jump on my back and I will take you to find the dog. I want to find out what is making that sound, too. It is different from anything I have heard."

THE DONKEY carried the cat on his back to a box near the stable door where the dog always slept. He wasn't there.

"Something very important must be happening because the dog is not in his box," said the cat.

"**MY, MY,**" said the cow, shaking her head, "that is very strange."

Just then the ox who lived in the next stall put his head around the side and said, "I have lived in this stable longer than any of you and this sound is different from any I have ever heard. I am going to find out what it is and not stand here talking about it all night."

"**IT SEEMS** to be coming from the far corner," said the cat, pointing her paw in that direction.

"There is a dim light there, too." And so the donkey with the cat on his back, the cow and the ox started in the direction of the low, sweet sound and the dim light. When they got to the sheepfold, they heard the mother sheep trying to quiet her lamb.

"**HUSH,**" SHE SAID. "Do not be afraid. Look, here come the other animals of the stable. They will tell us what is happening."

Turning to the approaching animals, the mother sheep said, "Excuse me, but my lamb is frightened by the new sound we hear. Can you tell us what it is?"

THE OX, BEING the oldest, answered. "We don't know ourselves, but we are going to find out. I'm sure it can do us no harm so I don't be afraid. Why don't you and your lamb come with us?"

"Thank you, that would be nice," said the mother sheep. "Come, my lamb, we shall go and see for ourselves what is making this new sound."

IN THE STALL next to the sheep lived a family of pigs. They were awake and excited. When the animals came by their stall, the father pig grunted, "What's going on here? Where are you going?"

THE FATHER pig, mother pig,

and the five little pigs followed the ox, the cow, and the donkey with the cat on his back, the mother sheep with her lamb at her side, toward the low sweet sound, and the soft, dim light.

As they drew closer, they saw the light was coming from a shaded lantern hanging on the side of a stall. Resting against a bale of hay in front of the manger sat a lady. She was holding a tiny baby in her arms. A man stood nearby her and at her other side sat the dog.

HEARING the approach of the animals, the dog turned and wagged his tail. "Come, my friends, and see the newborn Baby. His name is Jesus."

A new feeling of love and peace filled the animals as they drew closer to look at the Mother and her sleeping Baby.

THE GREY and white doves flew from the rafters and sat on the edge of the manger.

"Look, Mary," said the man to the Gentle Lady. "The animals of the stable are the first to come and worship the Baby King."

MARY SMILED. "Yes," she said. "The animals are the first, but someday people everywhere will love and worship Him."

And smuggling the Baby. Mary began to sing another lullaby.

Christmas Is Faith In All Good

Reprinted from Christmas Greetings

Christmas is your faith that is good in the world. It is the selfless spirit of love for others. Christmas is love and friendship and the spirit of cheer. And it is the wonder of childhood.

Christmas is the sweet families united. It is the knowledge that you are someone. And that you have one to love. Christmas is in prayer and the power that unites. Plus the right to pray the right to sing of your love the way of your choice.

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Is Santa Claus Real?

In 1897, Frank Church of the New York Sun wrote a letter to a little girl, Virginia, in answer to her question, "Is there a Santa Claus?" No more beautiful answer was ever made. It is so fine that just as the thought of Santa Claus never grows old, so this letter never becomes tiresome to the reader.

"**NOT BELIEVE** in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but there is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither men or children can see. Do you ever see fairies on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonderful things that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a wall covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only, faith, poetry, love, ro-

mance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding."

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Christmas Time Becomes Special For All Children

There's something special about Christmas, something that makes happy children happier, that makes even grouchy old men with rheumatism smile when it snows on Christmas Eve. Something that makes everything look silvery and shimmery and permanently rosy. Something that lights up every Christmas candle, rings every bell, tickles every sidewalk Santa until he chuckles, sparks songs of gladness to every shopper's lips, something that warms even a 'Scrooge's' heart.

THERE'S SOMETHING special about Christmas, something that makes you want to read an old, old story that you have heard many times before, but somehow you still like to hear it. A story 2000 years old, it is a simple story about a mother, an infant, a stable and a star. Yes, Christmas is something special, something very special.

But it is very hard to say anything new and meaningful about something which is so precious and personal. We usually offer the same "Merry Christmas" greeting, the same bell shaped cookies and the same well-known decorations and tree trimmings.

THIS IS MOST important because Christmas is a holiday for memory and tradition. So the same things should appear each year, even to the same slightly battered angel or star for the Christmas tree tip top.

This is a holiday for remembering as well. We pause on our hurried shopping tours to drop a coin in the kettle by a bell-ringing "Santa" and to feel thankful that we have so many blessings. We pause while putting up our family's nativity scene to remember just why Christmas is celebrated and in whose honor the holiday is dedicated.



210 North University Avenue

PROVO

how to buy a portable tape recorder

What should you look for in a portable tape recorder? Naturally you want compactness, battery play and ease of operation. What else? First, make certain the recorder bears the name of a company you recognize and respect. Next, insist on the features you must have to make good recordings. A Dynamic Microphone that has the

sensitivity to pick up sounds from the farthest points whenever you record. Capstan Drive with Dynamically Balanced Flywheel to assure constant speed operation from start to finish. Transistorized Construction for long life, instantaneous operation, trouble-free performance (no tubes to burn out) and minimum battery drain. Record and Battery Life Meter that shows the best recording level plus the exact battery condition.

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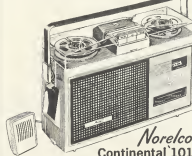
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A Yuletide Poem . . .

Take Me Home For Christmas

by Garnett Ann Schultz

Take me home for Christmas
Where the lights are glowing and
bright,
Where the warmth of love and
gladness
Brings a fond and dear delight.

Where the wind is softly singing
As it whips across the hill,

Mom's Baking Fills Air With Fragrance

Mom's baking Christmas cookies
and their fragrance fills the air,
The spoons and cups and batter
bowls are sitting everywhere!
The kitchen's a delightful sight, a
warm and busy place,
And Mom's eyes are sparkling,
there's a radiance in her face.

Mom's baking Christmas cookies
shaped like stars and bells and
trees

And even tiny reindeer and old
Santa, if you please!

There's sugar made of red and
green to sprinkle on each one,
Mom's hands will never stop until
they all are done.

She's baking Christmas cookies . . .
It's a job she likes to do;
The earthen crock will overflow be-
fore she's even through.
Just like her heart, it's brimming,
full of merry Christmas cheer,
For Mom enjoys, like all of us, this
happy time of year.

And the nighttime holds a magic
While the world is calm and still.

Take me home for Christmas
To the folks I love so dear;
To the sound of children's laughter
And the joy of Christmas cheer. . .

To the country lane I treasure
With the snow so pure and white;
The peacefulness of morning
And the stars that shine at night.

Take me home for Christmas
For 'tis home I want to be,
With the smell of fresh baked
cookies
And the gifts beneath the tree. . .

The little things so precious
That have lasted through all time,
The dearest part of Christmas
That is ever yours and mine.

When you're home for Christmas
There's little else you need.
With your loved ones all about you
'Tis a joyous time indeed.

Christmas Issue Staff

Editor Sharon Beauchamp
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Ext. 2017

CHRISTMAS: VIEWED IN POETRY

By Marc Frost

Christmas is a season of the year.
Christmas is a time when hearts
are young and gay.

Christmas is a time of joy and
good cheer.

But most of all Christmas is a
special day.

The special day when Christ was
born

In a manger so very far away
In a little town called Bethlehem.

Thus starts the story
Of the greatest gift known,
When God in all his glory
Descended from His throne.
From the heights of Heaven
To the depths of earth
This great Gift came.
Lowly was His birth—
Jesus was His name.

The great God above
Gave His only son
That we might know His love.
This was the first great gift

But far from the last
That the Son of God, made man,
would give
Before His life was past.

The next great gift
Was the gift of love
Which made possible all the rest.
Now here some will argue
While others disagree—
I can only tell you
That love is but the key.

Then came the gift of faith
Through which we all are blessed
With the knowledge of Heaven
And an eternal rest
Which could be ours
If we but heed the message—
So carefully given.

His greatest gift was His own life
Which on the cross He gave.
His greatest gift was life—
Our own spiritual life—
Greater yet than those before,
For with this gift He gave us
Heaven
And the key to open the door.

What is Christmas?
Christmas is a time for giving
Of ourselves—not selfishly,
But for the joy that it brings
To others.
In our own way,
Through this selfless giving
We try to imitate our Lord—
To thank Him for our living—
For the chance to give to others
What He has given to us—
The great gifts of love, faith, and
life.

This is what Christmas is.
Christmas is a time to express
Our thankfulness to our Lord
For the gifts that He has given.
Christmas is the time to express
To our fellow men
The love that Christ
Has given us for each other.
Christmas is the time
To thank the Lord
For the gift of faith
And the hope of attaining salvation
That it promises.

Christmas is more
Than a day or a season.
Christmas is the way
And the reason
For living.

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A History Of Santa Claus



Santa Claus is a wanted man. BUT HE WON'T be easy to track down for he has many aliases. Santa's name and timetable and gifts vary with the particular country where he has staked out operations.

In Spain, he bears gifts on January 6. Epiphany, in celebration of the Three Wise Men. Kids put their shoes in the windows and fill them with straw for the neighbor's horse in the hope that while the horse may neigh, Santa won't say nay.

IN GERMANY, he wears a big chain which he rattles at the door and enters bringing candy and cookies for the good youngsters, an empty potato sack for the bad ones.

In the United States, Santa fills the good children's stockings and leaves under the tree everything from electric trains and model space rockets to dolls and toboggans.

IN ITALY, Santa comes as an old woman on a broomstick, named La Befana, and leaves gifts in the shoes of nice children. But woe to those who don't mind their parents; they're apt to find ashes in their brogans.

In the fourth century he was modeled after the original St. Nicholas who lived in Turkey and whose deeds of courage and kindness earned him after death the title of patron saint of the children.

The legend of the good saint, the gift giver, later spread to Russia, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium and Germany.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES, the giftgiver took human form and became an officer who directed the festivities of the holiday season. Dubbed the Abbot of Unreason by the Scots, and the Lord of Misrule, he held office from Christmas until January 6, and his word was law. Either elected or appointed, he ruled over the royal activities in the household, colleges and inns. The English called him King of the

Bean and to the French, he was the Boy Bishop.

IN GERMANY during the 15th century, Martin Luther, a religious leader who also invented a lot of new German words, substituted the Christ Child, or Christkindlein, for St. Nicholas as the bearer of gifts. He wanted to make the bearing of gifts a symbol of the Wise Men's visit to Bethlehem, bringing gold, frankincense, and myrrh. So the Christ Child came secretly to German homes on the Eve of Christmas.

IN THE SIXTEENTH century, a German colony led by William Penn settled in Pennsylvania, and again Santa changed his name! The settlers had brought the Christkindlein with them but somehow it got transformed into Kris Kringle.

The Dutch nicknamed St. Nicholas "Santa Claus" for short, but his image as a fat little man with rosy cheeks and a white beard comes down to us from a poem written in 1822 by Dr. Clement C. Moore, an American minister. The poem was "The Night Before Christmas." He recited it to his children, who were delighted.

THEN HE threw it away. A lady visitor rescued it from the wastebasket and had it published in the Troy, N.Y., *Sentinel*. It became a literary classic and almost every child now knows about creatures that were not stirring, not even a mouse.

During the 19th century, Santa re-crossed the Atlantic from the U.S.A. and became known as Father Christmas in England.

THE NORWEGIANS call him Julenissen, and he works overtime in the land of the fjords. He brings gifts to good kids before they go to bed on Christmas Eve, after the family has finished Christmas dinner; and in the week between Christmas and New Year's he totes his sack to a community party for the children called "Jultreest."

REGARDLESS of the name by which Santa is known, and no matter where he appears, one fact about the old timer remains constant:

He is a wanted man!

Wonderful Christmas

I wrote to Santa Claus early in June

I knew that Christmas would be coming soon.

And I told him the things that I needed for play;

A boat, a machine, and an airplane, but say

What do you suppose he brought me instead?

A brother—without a hair on his head.

Who sleeps all day long and cries in the night;

I don't think Santa Claus treated me right

But Mother and Dad are pleased as can be;

They say what a wonderful Christmas for me.

Santa Claus

A jolly old fellow whose hair is so white,

And whose little bright eyes are blue,

Will be making his visits on Christmas Night—

Perhaps he will call on you.

A funny old name has this funny old man,

You know what it is without doubt.

As he creeps down the chimney as fast as he can,

And then just as swiftly creeps out.

He carries a bag full of candies and toys,

And leaves them wherever he goes.

For the good little girls and the good little boys—

So hang up your little white hose.

Flash Guns

Movie Lights

Slide Films

A New

Lenticular

Projection

Screen

Slide Sorter

Projectors

Cameras

Developing

Kits

Recording

Tapes

Photo

Greeting Cards

and

These are just

a few of the

gifts for

Christmas

to be found at

ALLEN'S PHOTO



Chicken Earrings\$1.00

Gold Tone

Gift Items\$1.00

Dakin Animals\$1.00

Itty Bitty

Eraser Animals\$.15

Giant Puff

Key Chains\$1.00



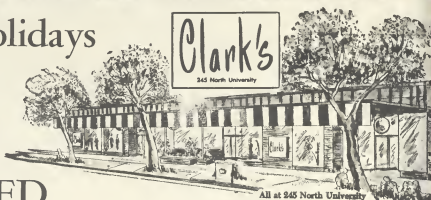
BYU BOOKSTORE

Happy Holidays

AND WELCOME

TO AN

OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS



All at 345 North University

SHOP EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SAT. 'TIL 9

... FOR 11 WONDERFUL YEARS CLARK'S HAS BROUGHT TO THE PEOPLE OF CENTRAL UTAH THE NOSTALGIC EXCITEMENT OF AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS ... AND AGAIN THIS YEAR EVERYONE WILL FIND SOMETHING AT CLARK'S THAT WILL STIR A MEMORY AND FILL THE HEART WITH THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

A CHEERY HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM OUR QUAIN'T AND COLORFUL DOORMAN ... BRIGHT RED CHRISTMAS APPLES TO MUNCH ON WHILE YOU SHOP ... THE SCENT OF HOT SPICES FILLING THE AIR ... CLARK'S COSTUMED GIFT GIRLS SPREADING CHRISTMAS CHEER ... **THIS IS AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS AT CLARK'S.**

OUR FRIENDLY PERSONNEL IN CHARMING OLD FASHIONED COSTUMES ... OUR CAROLERS SINGING THE SONGS OF CHRISTMAS ... OUR QUAIN'T COACH PULLED BY PRANCING HORSES IN THE CHRISTMAS PARADE ... OUR SPARKLING WINDOWS PORTRAYING CHRISTMAS SCENES AND EXCITING CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM OUR 17 SHOPS ...

YES, ALL THESE THINGS HELP US RECALL CHRISTMAS AS IT USED TO BE, BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT INGREDIENT IS YOU ... WON'T YOU COME IN SOON AND LET US FILL YOUR HEART WITH THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS. EVERYTHING IS FREE OF COURSE—OUR WAY OF SAYING MERRY MERRY CHRISTMAS IN THE FINEST OLD FASHIONED MANNER.

BRIGHT RED
CHRISTMAS APPLES
AND HOT ROASTED
CHESTNUTS TO
MUNCH ON WHILE
YOU SHOP—
CHESTNUTS ARE
SERVED ALL DAY
SAT., MON. & FRI.
4-6 P.M.



● USE SPACIOUS (REAR STORE) FREE PARKING
OR ALTERNATE CORNER LOT, ENTER FROM
2nd or 3rd NORTH.

● UNIQUE AND ELEGANT FREE GIFT WRAP
... AND MAILING WRAP.

● 17 EXCITING SHOPS ... GIFTS FOR
ALL THE FAMILY.

CHARGEIT — PAY 1/6 MONTHLY